THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 45. SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1870. Price TWOPENCE.

Here and There.

THE French Chambers assembled at one o'clock yesterday, when a communication was simultaneously made by the Government to the Senate and Corps Legislatif, explaining the situation of affairs, and terminating by a declaration of war against Prussia. The *Constitutionnel* published an extraordinary edition, with an article signed by M. Mitchell, announcing the declaration of war. The article says that the King of Prussia has brutally attacked the slumbering recollections of 1814, and concludes as follows:—"Prussia insults us; let us cross the Rhine. The soldiers of Jena are ready."

This morning, at 10 a.m., five hours before the time fixed for the opening of the Workman's International Exhibition by the Prince of Wales, the working-men who are delegates from Working-men's Clubs and Institutes, will hold a conference in Berner's-Hall, Agricultural-Hall, under the residency of the Earl of Lichfield.

We are informed that the Lord Justiceship rendered vacant by the death of Sir G. M. Giffard will not be filled up before February next.

The parents of the Welsh fasting girl have been sentenced—the father to twelve months, and the mother to six months' imprisonment.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed are making their last season at the Gallery of Illustration their most attractive. To the new fantastical entertainment, *Our Island Home*, produced a week or two ago, they now, in compliance with numerous requests, are giving a limited number of representations of *Ages Ago*, which terminate with the picture scene. A new musical version of *The Lady of Lyons*, by Mr. Corney Grain, was given for the first time on Monday evening. The little piece brings out to the best advantage the author's great musical abilities. It was received with much enthusiasm.

The total eclipse of the moon, which took place on Tuesday evening, was perfectly visible from first to last, the sky being clear and unobscured by any clouds. For some time after the disappearance of the last edge of light the copper-coloured globe remained of unusual brightness, but after the lapse of many minutes became more deeply coppery, and so continued until the reappearance of the sunlight upon the edge of the disc. As the shadow of the earth came on in the first instance, a very bright luminous spot, the summit of a mountain, was visible, and continued several minutes after the obscuration had come over, like a bright star.

In consequence of overtures made a short time back by the Office of Works to Earl Cadogan for some land in Chelsea for the purpose of erecting barracks for the household cavalry, the vestry of Chelsea determined strongly to oppose the introduction of any more soldiers into their parish. They accordingly applied to Mr. Cardwell to receive a deputation upon the subject. At a meeting of the vestry held a few days since, a reply was read, stating that a deputation was not necessary, as it was not likely any proposition relative to the matter would be brought forward this session, and further, that Mr. Cardwell could not see any advantage to be derived from the establishment of cavalry barracks in Chelsea parish. This information has afforded great satisfaction, there being already unrateable buildings in this small parish covering over 74 acres.

There is one spot in the City which stands out prominent above all others in its suggestiveness of *rus in urbe*—that of the garden of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate. Where the mouldering tombs of the slumbering dead were seen a year or two ago, there are now beautiful green swards, lovely flower-beds, waving trees, and broad gravel walks, through the midst of which a wide stone-paved path is open for the general public. At one end of the garden there is a very pretty fountain, in which gold and silver fish disport themselves, and where also may be seen two or three foreign aquatic birds. There are flocks of pigeons, which bid fair to rival the renowned troops at Guildhall, and hundreds of small domestic birds find a home in the trees and shrubs. The grass, the flowers, the trees, appear to grow luxuriantly, and the whole scene is cheering to the heart and charming to the eye. A walk through the garden at midday will prove the estimate formed by the working men of the value of this open space—hundreds of them congregating there during the dinner hour.

Word was sent to the City Marshal of Augusta, Me., that a fellow was selling "lickers" from a waggon in Market-square. He went to arrest him and confiscate his stock, and found himself the victim of an atrocious pun. The man was peddling horsewhips.

A youthful witness on being asked in the Meriden (Connecticut) Police-court, the other day, where he would go if he told a lie, replied, "To the Reform School." He was sworn.

An Indian near Fort Scott, Kansas, recently traded two mules for a set of false teeth, and proudly wore them necklace fashion.

Walter Miller was found guilty on Thursday of the murder of the Rev. Elias Huelin, and sentenced to death by the Lord Chief Justice, without hope of mercy.

The Prussian squadron, under the command of Admiral H.R.H. Prince Adalbert, which left Plymouth Sound on Sunday evening for Cherbourg, returned on Wednesday afternoon and anchored, but after remaining about an hour again left. It was given out that its destination was Madeira, but it sailed to the eastward.

We observe in a recently-issued programme of races to be run on the Maze course, county Down, under the particular patronage of the Marquis of Downshire, that one of the events to be contested was "open to horses of all denominations."

Stamboul has been devastated by a fire. According to a brief telegram of the disaster, 1,500 houses, mostly built of wood, were destroyed.

A new club is in course of formation, to be called "The Strollers," to consist of 200 members, the only qualification for whose society is to be that of "good fellows."

Tumults have occurred at Nankin, in consequence of the kidnapping of children, in which foreigners were believed to be implicated. Several Chinese were tortured.

Between the 17th and 21st of June thirteen steamers went through the Suez canal. Of these nine were English, two French, one Austro-Hungarian, and one Egyptian.

An eagle was shot a few days back near Bellye, in Austria, bearing a collar with the date 1646, and some arms partially effaced by time and exposure to the weather.

A French paper, printed at New Orleans, contains the following announcement:—"Charles Dickens, the great American romancer, died yesterday of apoplexy. He was the Walter Scott of America."

Restitution, Moonstone, Verdure, and a two-year-old, all the property of Baron Rothschild, have left Newmarket for Mentmore.

The *Detroit Tribune* says of that story of the circus musicians being eaten by lions in Missouri, that "there weren't any lions attached to the circus. There wasn't any circus. The musicians tumbled into a den of liars—not lions."

One of the local papers says that the builder of a church now in course of erection south of the Thames, when the toast of his health was given, rather enigmatically replied that "he was more fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking."

An association is in the course of formation in the borough of Lambeth for the purpose of correcting parochial abuses; but its chief aim is to get up a vigorous agitation for the abolition of the Waterloo Bridge toll, which is said to have the effect of annually depreciating in an increasing extent the value of property in Lambeth.

It is now denied that the Marquis of Bute was ever formally received into the Roman Catholic Church.

The *Peuple* narrates the following:—"Three hundred wretched horses, already condemned to the poleaxe, were lately purchased at the rate of 4f. or 5f. each, and ranged at a considerable distance, to represent Prussians or Spaniards. Two mitrailleuses were brought to play on them, and in three minutes, after two discharges, not one of the animals remained standing. On a second occasion 500 deputy Prussians were brought down at a single trial."

An upholsterer of the Faubourg St. Antoine, anxious to get the custom of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, has sent him the following list of prices:

A Common Throne ..... 12fr.
Ditto, richly ornamented, and fit for a family soirée..... 200
Ditto, extra, adapted for the Cortes 370
Ditto, portable and removable at a moment's notice..... 50

N.B.—All my thrones are made without rollers, and therefore their stability defies all competition.

The Commandant of the Woolwich garrison, Major-General Sir David Wood, K.C.B., has given permission to the members of the 10th Kent (Royal Arsenal) Artillery Volunteers, to drill and receive instruction in the Royal Military Repository, Woolwich, which is highly appreciated, as it will give this corps an opportunity of acquiring proficiency in the practice and knowledge of the higher branches of their profession, which few volunteer artillerists can hope for.

John Boston was arraigned in New Orleans for stealing chickens, but stoutly protested his innocence. "And you deny having taken the chickens, John?" asked the Court. "Hi, boss, sartin. I never tuk 'em." "But the officer says he found them in your possession." "Sar!" "You had them in your hands when arrested." "Yes, boss, but I didn't stole 'em." "How did you come by them?" "I borrowed 'em." "The owner says not." "Well, you see, boss, he was asleep when I went to borrow dem chickens, an' I didn't like to 'sturb him; so I jis took 'em, an' was gwine back the next day to tell him."

The following particulars as to the respective military resources of France and Prussia will be read with interest at the present moment. France has with the standards, not counting the contingent of 1870 400,000 men; Prussia under the same conditions, only 200,000. France has of thoroughly trained reserves only about 100,000, and slightly-instructed reserves 160,000; Prussia has trained reserves nearly 600,000. France has a National Guard of 550,000; Prussia has her Landsturm. But it must be added that Bavaria, Wurtemburg, and Baden are bound to place their forces at the disposal of Prussia in case of war, and they should furnish nearly 100,000 troops available for active operations, with nearly as many reserves. France can place at once under arms, for active service, exclusive of her 550,000 National Guard, nominally 650,000, of whom 500,000 are trained troops; Prussia nominally about 510,000 trained troops, exclusive of her depôts and garrisons, which amount to 440,000 more.

Richard Weaver has issued a circular in connection with the recent affiliation case in which he was concerned, which, among other passages, has the following:—"It is not for me to try to justify myself. I am God's servant; Christ Jesus is my master, and my reputation is with Him, not with man. The woman made Joseph's garment a witness against him, and this poor girl has made the same of my kindness. . . . Let me beg an interest in all Christians' prayers at this time of trial, for my dear wife, who is belied with myself, and for our five children, that God may bless us. There is a cloud of gloom over our home at the present time, that for seventeen years has been one of the happiest homes in this world; but the sun will shine again, and sorrow and sadness will flee away. Joy will return. My wife and I have still the quiet calm of Christ's presence with us. . . . I leave my case in the hands of God, only crying, 'Plead thou my cause, O Lord.'"

THE GOOD OLD RIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

WHEREVER good old liquor flows,
Where good old hearts grow light,
Before all other toasts propose,—
"The Right, the good old Right."

The Right, that to the Palace lends
Its best security,
And with as strong an arm defends
The cottage of the free.

The Right that gives us equal laws,
The same for great and small,
Free hearing to the meanest cause,
And justice to us all.

The Right that taxes charily,
Rates fairly each man's debt,
Sits on the chest, and warily
Doles out the people's sweat.

That in our Holy Church the place
Of patron saint supplies;
Helps genius onward in the race,
And lowly worth to rise.

The Right that nerves us for the strife,
That arms our strong right hand,
That ventures liberty and life
For King and Fatherland.

The Right vouchsafed to every one
Throughout the land to roam;
That keeps *us*, like a grateful son,
Contented and at home.

The Right whose fame in every part,
Long centuries attest;
Which, like our faith, in every heart
Is honoured and confest.

The Right that evil times long kept
Within a living grave,
That rises now, as one that slept,
To succour and to save.

The Right for us! And when we die
May all our sons profess
The self-same creed, and make that cry
Their watchword of success.

And so, wherever good old wine
Makes good old hearts grow light,
This good old toast be thine and mine,—
"The Right, the good old Right!"

DRAMAS FOR THE DRAWING ROOM.

A WRETCHED WOMAN.

A COMEDIETTA—IN TWO ACTS.

Dramatis Personæ:

GREGORY GOSLING (chemist and druggist).
CONSTANTINE (his assistant).
MR. POCKLINGTON (his father-in-law).
HECTOR (1st Clapham Volunteers, his wife's cousin).
ARAMINTA (his wife).
MRS. POCKLINGTON (his mother-in-law).
CISSY (his sister-in-law).
MARY JANE (his servant).

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Parlour behind* GOSLING'S *shop.*

MR. *and* MRS. POCKLINGTON *asleep on each side of the fire.* CISSY, *seated on a low chair, reading the newspaper aloud.*

Cissy (reading). "In the foreign and colonial produce market there was more animation than has prevailed of late. Coffee was in strong demand; and teas, generally, were stirring. Sugars much sought after, especially the refined qualities. Moist and common lump steady. Rice was rising." (POCKLINGTON *snores.*) They are both fast asleep, I declare. I don't wonder at it. Those moist sugar quotations are dreadfully dry reading. They have quite tired me out. I must confess I like something more stirring than the "Grocer's Chronicle," in which papa takes such interest. The only articles I can read without yawning are those on figs: because figs remind me of drums, and drums of dear Hector and the gallant 1st Clapham. What a time Mary Jane is!

Enter MARY JANE *cautiously, with a newspaper in her hand.*

Mary Jane. Here it is, miss, "The Volunteers' Gazette," illustrated, No. 95, a penny. All the week's local news, fixtures, drills, field days, reviews, and marchings out; a biography, from original sources, of Lord Ranelagh; and a woodcut, by an eminent artist, of the new uniform worn by the 1st Clapham: which is here (*showing picture*). Isn't it like Mr. Hector? About the beard, miss, particklerly; only it 's more oiled, like, and not so wavy.

Cissy. Give it to me, and don't talk such nonsense. If papa should wake and see me with an officer in my hand, I should never hear the last of it.

Pocklington (speaking in his sleep). We are out of Sultanas, sir, but if Mrs. Fry will do—

Cissy. He 's waking up. Let us go and read the "Gazette" in my room.

[*Exeunt* CISSY *and* MARY JANE.

Pocklington (stretches himself and yawns). Ya-a-a-ah! *Mrs. Pocklington (stretches herself and yawns).* He-e-i-ih! (*At the noise made by shutting the door, both wake up and stare sleepily at one another.*)

Pocklington. You were saying, my dear,—

Mrs. Pocklington. I thought you remarked, my love,—

Pocklington (with dignity). That we were a happy couple, Claudia. Is it not so?

Mrs. Pocklington. We are, Septimus. And I added that we deserved our happiness. Is it not true?

Pocklington. You are right. During the thirty years in which I fulfilled the mission of principal grocer to the aristocracy of Clapham, I can venture to assert, that never for one instant did I fail in the requirements which society demanded at my hands.

Mrs. Pocklington (rises). And I, Septimus?

Pocklington. You were a worthy associate in my labours.

Mrs. Pocklington. Who was it who looked after the stock, who kept her eye on the servants, who wrote attractive labels for the mixed teas, who arranged the Christmas Club, who scalded the Jordan almonds?

Pocklington. It was you, my wife. Who made out the bills, who saw to the invoices, who tested the sugars, who superintended the commercial interests of the "Golden Canister?"

Mrs. Pocklington. It was you, my husband. Our labours were judiciously divided; and we accomplished our glorious mission hand-in-hand.

Pocklington. And amidst the anxieties of your professional duties you could find time to present me with two daughters! Courageous woman!

Mrs. Pocklington. And you could carry out an advantageous alliance for our Araminta!

Pocklington. We have every reason to be satisfied with Gosling. He is not a genius. But he respects our family; and he makes our child happy.

Mrs. Pocklington. And we find our happiness in hers!

Pocklington. In addition we have an independence, we never take Gosling's medicines, we sleep soundly, eat well, are esteemed in the parish. We have every reason to be thankful. (*Seat themselves.*)

Enter CONSTANTINE.

(*Looks round gloomily. In a melodramatic voice*)—Master is not here!

Pocklington. Is that you, Constantine?

Mrs. Pocklington. Well, how do you like your new profession?

Constantine (grinding his teeth). I like it. It offers the materials for revenge!

Mrs. Pocklington. Nonsense. What have rhubarb and magnesia to do with revenge?

Constantine. Insult me, madam. You have a double right. The right of sex, and the right of gold.

Pocklington. Young man, you forget yourself. You have no cause of complaint against us. Was I not a kind master? Did not Mrs. Pocklington look after your linen? Had you not the privilege of a seat in our pew, and a bed under our counter? And when we retired from business, on our daughter's marriage, did we not recommend you to our son-in-law, who has offered you the means of advancement in one of the learned professions?

Constantine. I reproach you with nothing. It is not your fault that society is constituted as it is. You had every right to throw your *(chokes)* daughter into the arms of a pharmaceutical chemist. The result is what the world and the Courts of Law call—a marriage. Hearts are crushed; but society is satisfied. I do not complain. (*Laughs cynically.*) Ha! Ha! 'T is well.

Mrs. Pocklington. His play-books and romances have turned his head.

Constantine (with deep meaning). But the inexorable laws of destiny must be accomplished. The fatal thread is weaving—the seal is set—the avenger is at hand! You have a daughter! Look to her! The bloom fades from the flower; the canker is at work; decay moves silently on; the finger of the destroyer leaves its deadly mark behind! Is she happy?

"Is it well to wish thee happy? Having known ME—to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine?"

Keep her from Liquor Opii Sedativus: thou canst not medicine to a mind diseased!

Mrs. Pocklington (anxiously). Good gracious, Constantine, what do you mean? Do you know anything affecting my child's happiness?

Pocklington. The interests of society demand an explanation.

Constantine. Never—the fatal secret shall die with me! (*Noise within.*) Shop! Coming!

[*Exit, grinding his teeth.*

Mrs. Pocklington. What can he mean? What strange words he used! I don't think he is in his right mind.

Pocklington. Nor I. Since he took to reading the poetry which came wrapped round our oranges he has not been himself. Our child is happy, Claudia; we have no reason to doubt it. Gosling is a man formed to impart felicity to the female breast.

Mrs. Pocklington. If they had had any differences I should have seen it.

Pocklington. Just so: Constantine is an idiot. (*Door* L. *opens.*) It is she! Shall we question her?

Mrs. Pocklington. Leave her to me: I will read her heart.

Enter ARAMINTA *slowly. She is lost in reverie; pauses occasionally to raise her eyes to the ceiling, heave a deep sigh, or pass her hand across her forehead. Goes suddenly to the window, draws aside the curtain, and ejaculates mournfully—*

It rains still!

Mrs. Pocklington (aside to her husband). That air of dreamy melancholy! Septimus, do you see?

Pocklington (aside to his wife). Claudia, I do: it gives rise to painful forebodings. Could Constantine—

Mrs. Pocklington (aside to her husband). Hush! she is going to speak. Let us listen. (ARAMINTA *leaves the window, comes forward, opens her book, and reads aloud)*—

"A voice by the cedar tree,
In the meadow under the hall,
She is singing an air that is known to me:
A passionate ballad, gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call!
Singing alone in the morning of life,
In the happy morning of life and of May;
Singing of men that in battle-array,
Ready in heart and ready in hand,
March with banner, and bugle, and fife,
To the death, for their native land."

Mrs. Pocklington (advances). Araminta!

Araminta. Mamma! (*Puts her book in her pocket and embraces her.*) And you, too, papa: my beloved parents, how rejoiced I am to see you!

Mrs. Pocklington. It is nothing unusual, my dear, as we live in the same house.

Araminta. No, but to-day—I know not why—I feel to need you both more than usual. I want your affection, your sympathy; you will not withhold it?

Pocklington. My child, let us sit down and talk, as we used when you were a little girl. It will relieve you to pour the overcharged feelings of your heart into the maternal bosom. (ARAMINTA *sits on a low stool at her mother's feet.*)

Araminta. Beautiful reminiscences of childhood! Innocent pleasures of infancy: how my soul, wearied with an unsatisfying world, reverts to ye in moments like this! Papa, do not chide me; I could play with a doll.

Pocklington (aside). It is not natural—at her age.

Araminta. Do you recollect our old dog? Poor Gyp! How cleverly he used to catch the bit of biscuit we balanced on his nose! How he suffered from rheumatism! Do you remember the little coat I made for him, grey with cerise piping? Oh! the past, the past! *there* was one at least that loved me!

Mrs. Pocklington. Every one loves you, dear.

Pocklington. Gyp died, I think, of undigested wedding cake, on the very day of your marriage.

Araminta (with a sombre air). He *died:* but not from indigestion. He hated Mr. Gosling from the first. It was like the German ballad of the Lion and the Keeper's Daughter. When Gregory proposed for my hand the faithful creature took a large piece out of the seat of his trousers.

Mrs. Pocklington. It is true, he always detested Gosling. I think it must have been the smell of rhubarb he always carried about with him.

Araminta. The instinct of those animals is surprising. Their likes and dislikes are founded on something

which closely approaches to reason. Only yesterday, a dog, gaunt and hungry, with misery apparent in every wag of his tail, came into the shop and ate up some ointment which was lying on the counter. Mr. Gosling kicked it out. The poor brute looked up at me with tears in its eyes. We understood one another. But what is a dog to some organisations!

Mrs. Pocklington. Did you say nothing?

Araminta. I, my mother? *(With angelic sweetness.)* I was not so wanting in my duty. Besides, nature is nature. There are some temperaments which find it a luxury to inflict pain. They must make others suffer. Whether the victim be the tender heart of a woman, or the shaggy hide of a skye terrier is immaterial. They can inflict a wound: they triumph, and are happy! *(Walks about in agitation.)*

Pocklington. But Gregory loves you, Araminta?

Mrs. Pocklington (insinuatingly). And he makes you happy?

Araminta. Happy! Oh, yes, I am quite happy. I have no right to complain. My husband *(presses her hand on her heart)* is very kind to me. Clapham is considered a healthy suburb. It may be dull, but omnibuses pass the door twice a-day. Society is coarse, but friendly. The breezes of the common are beneficial, Mr. Gosling says, to liver complaints. I have no liver complaint, and I love flowers—but what matters. I am very happy *(shudders).*

Mrs. Pocklington (alarmed). Araminta, you are concealing something from us! You are unhappy.

Pocklington. You are suffering.

Araminta. I fear I have distressed you, my excellent parents.

Pocklington (breaking out). It is exasperating. Here is a dowry of £1,000 thrown into the pocket of a rascal, who does not even cherish the wife of his bosom!

Araminta. Who has said so? No, you are mistaken.

Mrs. Pocklington. Are you happy? Tell me that.

Araminta. I am. I am quite happy. See, I smile *(puts her handkerchief to her eyes).*

Mrs. Pocklington. She weeps! It is true. Constantine was right. It is all over.

Gosling (speaking outside). Two boxes of pills and an aperient draught at No. 16. Half-a-dozen leeches to Mrs. Jones; and don't you drop any on the pavement.

Mrs. Pocklington. Gregory!

Pocklington. My son-in-law!

Araminta. My husband! Not a word before him.

Enter GOSLING. *(Splashed up to the eyes, and wet through.)*

Gosling. Hsh, hsh, hsh! *(shaking the rain from his hat).* What a day! I'm wet through, papa. The common's knee deep in mud. Well mamma-in-law. *(Kisses his wife).* Glad to see me back, 'Minta? I should have been home an hour ago, but I had to put a blister on the nape of old Mrs. Jones's neck, and she would make me stay to take it off.

Araminta (with pretended empressement). Gregory, you are wet through! You must go and change everything.

Gosling. I've no time to change, my dear. Besides, I never take cold. Nothing like flannel, eh, mamma?

Mrs. Pocklington. You wear flannel, then!

Gosling. Yes, pink—everything, you know—pink is my favourite colour. And you can't think how coquettish I look in pink flannel—everythings. I wore white when I first married: but one is so diffident in the honeymoon!

Pocklington (gravely). It seems to me, son-in-law, you have lost that quality for some time past.

Araminta. What is the day of the month?

Gosling. The 21st of December, Anno Domini 1869.

Araminta. Good gracious! the 22nd is Ann Maria's birthday; and I promised to write to her before the day. You have no objection, Gregory?

Gosling. Objection?

Araminta. Oh! if you had rather not, I won't write. She will be rather disappointed; but I am sure she would wish me to obey my husband.

Gosling. But I don't want you not to write!

Araminta. You wish to read my letter before I send it? Certainly, you have the right. After you have read it, will you kindly put it into an envelope and post it? Here is a penny for the stamp. *(Puts it on the table.)*

Gosling. Really, 'Minta—

Araminta. Good-bye, mamma. *(Kisses her. Going to her father)* Good night, papa. I have your blessing, have I not? I am going to write my letter to save the post. *(To Gosling.)* You will not forget the stamp? The penny is there—there.

Gosling (smiling.) I see it. I see it.

Araminta. Pray, Gregory, do not lose your temper before my father and mother. And there is really no occasion. *(Aside, pressing her hand on her heart.)* Heaven, give me strength! *(Exit into her room,* POCKLINGTON *follows her to the door.)*

Gosling (in astonishment). What's the matter with 'Minta to-night?

Mrs. Pocklington. A light has broken in upon us.

Pocklington (with indignation). So, this man, who received a thousand pounds with his wife, refuses to give her a stamp for her letter!

Gosling. Eh?

Mrs. Pocklington. To try to prevent her writing to an old friend like Ann Maria; it is infamous!

Gosling. What!

Mrs. Pocklington. We know all. Poor angel; what she must have suffered!

Gosling. But, good gracious—

Mrs. Pocklington. What do you do with your money? Is it *all* consumed by your own follies and extravagancies?

Gosling. I don't want—

Pocklington. A truce with cynicism, sir. When an honest man contracts a virtuous and honourable alliance, society has a right to expect the orgies and debaucheries of his youth to be cast aside for ever.

Gosling. Come now—

Pocklington (to his wife) You see what comes of taking your advice. A pretty marriage you have recommended!

Mrs. Pocklington. I recommended?

Pocklington. Of course you did. You can hardly forget that *my* views were in favour of young Vallance, the upholsterer; but that you supported Gosling, and that therefore I gave way. You urged "Gosling is ugly, therefore he will be domestic: he is a booby, therefore Araminta will lead him by the nose." I foolishly acquiesced, and this is the result.

Mrs. Pocklington. But I said nothing of the kind. I was always opposed to this marriage; I always said, "who could be happy with a man like that?" *(pointing to Gosling.)*

Gosling. Really, mamma—

Pocklington. The first time I set eyes on him I said impressively: "That man drinks; excess has marked him for her own."

Gosling. I say!

Mrs. Pocklington. The very night before the wedding I warned you. I said, "Gosling is perfectly ridiculous, he has no conversation, he dresses like a guy, he can never shine in society: sooner or later our child will blush at belonging to him. And when a wife blushes for her husband, one never can tell the end."

Both together. One never can tell the end!

Gosling. For Heaven's sake!

Mrs. Pocklington. But there is such a thing as law, sir.

Pocklington. The machinery of the Divorce Court is still in working order, sir.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Our Prize Rhymes.

PRIZE WORD—No. XXXIX.—LIMP.

First—

The pattern was poor, the material limp,
The framework looked feeble and starving;
So the artist enlivened the cushions with gimp,
And touched up the walnut with carving.

P. was a little man—a shrimp;
Wore gaiters; had a kind of limp.
Age, 52. Profession, P—p.

QUAK-QUAK.

Second—

A man out fishing went,
The hooks of twisted gimp;
Now, these were strong,
And his line was long,
But the rod was very limp.

A bite at last he had,—
"I'll catch you now, you imp;"
He pulled his line,
Just made of twine,
And only caught a shrimp!

A youth upon him gazed,
And, seeing the fish he had,
Laughed at his shrimp:
He tore up the gimp,
And went off from the water—mad.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

How charming Bessie looks, with hair so crimp,
And clust'ring o'er her alabaster brow,
And when she laughs, and shows each lovely dimp-
Led cheek! 'T is ravishing to see. And now,
As she affects the "Alexandra limp,"
Or does the "Grecian bend," I wonder how
A girl so good at acting the grotesque
Would look if taking part in a burlesque!

FANFAN.

Walking about the streets now-a-days,
Of girls you see not a few;
Some are lame, more do limp,
And put on a simp-
Er, as they pass by you;
As much as to say,
Don't you think it will pay?
This limping way of other days.

This with a dimple,
That with a pimple,
Limping they all pass by;
One with hair crimped,
And with petticoat gimped;
One really cannot help a sigh:
To think fashion would fain
Make our girls walk in pain,
Our Upper-Ten's taste to gratify.

MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO.

I have no place to call my home,
Nowhere to lay my head,
And through the streets all day I roam,
At night a stone my bed.

My parents died when I was young,
And left me all alone;
Alone I struggle on among
The only friends I own.

The only friends I have are dumb—
The dogs that share my meal;
And when I'm ill they often come
My sores with licks to heal.

For I am lame, and as I limp
About the streets all day;
The scorn and butt of every imp
That meets me on my way.

I never learnt to read or write;
I do not know my name;
And scarce know what's wrong from right,
Both seem to me the same.

I have no one to love me now,
No one that I can love;
Men turn from me with frowning brow,
And pass me with a shove.

Oh, why do they despise me so—
Is it a sin to need?
For I am scorned where'er I go,
A cur of mongrel breed.

At night upon the stones I lie,
For sleep 's my only joy;
And as I've lived, so shall I die,
A homeless orphan boy.

VAGABOND.

Now high-heeled boots are all the rage,
And many girls pretend
To ape, not only on the stage,
The famous Grecian bend.

The manly Cockney squares his chest,
Assumes the Roman fall:
And, dressed out in his Sunday best,
The greatest snob of all.

Then, last of all, and more the shame!
The girls begin to imp,
As if they had all gone quite lame,
The Alexandra limp.

O reason, wake! assume your arms,
Defend your injured cause;
O nature, rise! protect your charms,
Avenge your broken laws!

ROB ROY.

I went to town to buy some gimp;
It was not good, for it was limp;
But 't was the best they had.
Some little rogue, with ugly limp,
He snatched from out my hand the gimp—
I think it was too bad.

CORISANDE.

My sister and I, we were making a gown,
But could not agree on the trimming:
Says she, "You had better go into the town
Whilst the fashion-book I will be skimming."

When there, I saw ribbon, and velvet, and lace,
But all were so ugly and limp;
Without some I did not my sister dare face,
So, decided on getting some gimp.

ECONOMICAL GIRL.

PRIZE WORD—No. XL.—PRUNE.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph; which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize, to prove his title thereto.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. COULTHURST.—We will inquire, and let you know.

MAJOR A.—We are sorry you are not pleased. Your communication is disagreeable reading, but we must admit that some of your strictures are not undeserved.

HYPERION.—Your ideas of *Satire* do not accord with ours.

J. ESDAILE.—It was in 1856 or 7. Life is too short to search the archives.

X. Y. Z.—Charming, charming! But a little unsuitable. Try the *Record*, the *Lancet*, *Peter Parley's Annual*, or the *Little Piddlington Bi-Weekly Conscientious Observer*.

THE THEATRES—THIS EVENING.

COVENT GARDEN.—Il Barbiere di Siviglia. Half-past Eight.
DRURY LANE.—La Sonnambula. Half-past Eight.
ADELPHI.—Put Yourself in His Place—The Robust Invalid. Seven.
OLYMPIC.—Old Gooseberry—Little Em'ly—Undine. Seven.
STRAND.—The School for Scandal—The Field of the Cloth of Gold. Seven.
GAIETY.—Operetta—The Courier of Lyons—Linda of Chamouni. Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'.—Dearest Mamma—At Eight: M.P.—Quite by Accident. Half-past Seven.
NEW QUEEN'S.—My Wife's Dentist—'Twixt Axe and Crown. Seven.
ST. JAMES'S.—A Happy Pair—Paul Pry—La Belle Sauvage. Half-past Seven.
VAUDEVILLE.—Cupboard Love—Two Roses—Don Carlos. Half-past Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1870.

THE Baby Show, at Highbury Barn, which has been warmly attractive throughout the week, came to an end on Thursday. The exhibition, judging, and awards took place in the large hall, which was decorated as if for a floral exhibition. Festoons of paper flowers were suspended from the roof of a long room, in which an orchestra was established, and in which the babies competed. The infants, to each of whom a mother was attached, were arranged in avenues, and in front of the lane was a bar, to which was affixed a distinguishing number. At the first blush, one would infer that the figures might have been put on for purposes of identification in case of accidents, for decidedly the performers in the spectacle bore so wonderful a resemblance to each other that in case of a panic it might be difficult for their respective owners to distinguish them, but on closer scrutiny this notion was dissipated. The bill of the play contained the names of the several actors, in fact the babies were neatly catalogued in the style of objects of art. They were remarkably quiet under the circumstances, none of them discovering traces of stage panic or nervousness, although it was probably—and indeed, from the conditions of the diversion, certainly—their first appearance in public. As a rule every numbered baby retained its own individuality, as if conscious that it was entered for competition. There were lady babies and gentlemen babies, and even babies of colour. There was one amazingly woolly little nigger, shining as if he had been newly "Warrened" for the event, with the duskiest of limbs and eyes burning with an almost tropical fire. We believe this African was a native of St. Pancras. Another promising infant was of a rich coffee complexion. It would be a task for which we have neither the requisite taste, experience, nor courage to make comparisons between the individual competitors. Judging from the few things that we saw we should be inclined to think that the judicial committee of the baby show must have had an agonising time of it before arriving at a unanimous verdict.

The next exhibition should be of husbands (painfully in the background during the week), on whom an experienced jury of matrons might sit. Mr. STUART MILL would, we dare say, distribute the prizes.

The QUEEN paid a private visit on Monday to a most interesting entertainment—the "Workmen's International Exhibition," at he Agricultural Hall. Great exertions had een made in order to get the whole of the oods which had arrived into their plac es for the QUEEN's inspection, but without avail; for, including the large consignments which are expected from South America, Denmark, and other countries, the articles which are conspicuous by their absence, are at present in a clear majority. And yet a very tolerable appearance was made. If the at present unseen portion of the Exhibition prove to be as good as that which the Royal visitor went over with so much apparent gratification, the present will be by far the best Exhibition of the kind that has been held. Each exhibitor seemed to have been allowed to attend, on condition that he remained by the side of his case; but as the Royal command that the visit was to be a strictly private one was imperative, very few other persons were admitted to the building. It was remarked that there was the most respectful and yet self-respect-showing demeanour on the part of all those present, which persons who have known Royal personages to be mobbed by genteel crowds remember to have seen. The hon. secretaries received the QUEEN, and were graciously allowed to accompany her through the building, and point out the various objects of more than ordinary interest. Her Majesty, at the close of her tour of inspection, expressed the great satisfaction she had derived from her visit.

The writer of a recent article on camp life, whose uncomfortable experiences extend far beyond the range of Wimbledon and Aldershot, took occasion to be pleasantly satirical on the presumably luxurious existence passed by the inmates of tent and hut in those well-known localities. The ruffeting of many years under canvas do not tend, he says, to increase his powers of hero-worship at Wimbledon. So far from admiring his volunteer friends as adventurous spirits, indifferent to the comforts of life, he regards them as a traveller round the world might be expected to look on the tourist whose explorations are limited to Margate or Gravesend. Wimbledon, he admits, is hospitable, convivial, and pleasant; makes its guests heartily welcome, and is rightly proud of its ready adaptability to circumstances. The portable chairs, and collapsing couches, the admirable cooking, the excellent concerts, the jovial mess-dinners, and the perfect discipline in which the adjutants keep the camp, come to mind whenever its annual gathering is named; but, on the other hand, he desires to learn what it knows of jackals? Where are its lizards and foxes? How is it off for wild dogs? How can tent life be complete without camels, Arabs, Bedouin robbers, and endless sand?

We are afraid we must admit the unanswerable nature of most of these grave charges. Volunteers must disavow all extra-zoological acquaintance with jackals. The lizard may be fairly counterbalanced by the earwig; and the fox would not, perhaps, be so formidable or unfamiliar a creature if he chanced to put in an appearance. If "endless sand" might be translated "no end of dust," there might be something to say with reference to another clause in the indictment; but wild dogs, camels, and Bedouins carry the day. No volunteer *can* have seen these things out of an Astley's spectacle. But unless our powers of comparison—and absorption—have failed us, we consider that the volunteer has grappled with, and overcome a far more serious enemy during the past week than any enumerated by the experienced campaigner we have quoted. There are ways of dealing with Arabs and wild dogs. Sand can be partially excluded. Foxes object to fire. Lizards, except in rare instances, are innocent, if unsightly. But in this connection there is nothing possible against RAIN. Quarrelling in a cart is, we have heard, an aggravated form of that disease. Those who do not mind getting wet, should try rain in a tent.

London Lyrics.

No. 33.

FAREWELL? I say not so—why should I care
To breathe an idle blessing as we part?—
What boots it me how you may chance to fare
In making bargains in society's mart?
Still, if you wish it, I will say Farewell—
The heart will feel what words can never tell.

Satirical? Oh, no—we know each other,
We rightly gauge the depth of foolish vows,
We ever were as sister unto brother,
And nothing more: this our parting shows.
Domestic ties sit loosely now-a-days—
Practice denies what kinship warmly says.

There was a time when hand would thrill in hand,
And the warm love-drops glisten in our eyes;
When speech was by a fancied passion fanned,
And heart to heart impulsively would rise;
When you would hail my coming, and when I
Was never happy unless you were by.

That's twelve months since, and we have wiser grown;
Have tasted sweeter pleasures, and we see
The world has other faces than our own,
And both are poor, and each might wealthier be.
Ah! there's the point! for neither has much money,—
Love cannot long subsist on bread and honey.

Cruel? Forgive me—this is what you said,
Some six weeks since, at Lady Gossyp's ball,
When I in haste suggested we should wed;
For in a few words then you told me all—
You loved excitement, pleasure, and what not?—
The old and quieter life were best forgot.

So be it, and you shall not tempt me now
To say again the words I would unsay;
Paler the glory shines upon your brow
Than it was wont in last year's yesterday;
There plays another smile upon your mouth
That speaks no more of plenty, but of drouth.

The garish world folds you in sweet embrace,
And deafens you to all, save its own song;
The season dims the lustre of your face,
Save when 't is lit up 'mid the midnight throng.
Your voice, once low and sweet, seems somewhat loud—
Your laughter—but the echo of the crowd.

Take it, then, thus: we both have had a dream,
Joyous and gentle as youth's dreams should be;
Both are borne onward by life's rougher stream,
And other Futures now we seem to see—
And ah! perchance both hear the mournful knell
Of dying hopes in that one word, Farewell!

The Grumbler.

SO the Thames Embankment and its roadway from Westminster-bridge to Blackfriars is completed, and been thrown open to the public at last. Thrown open—yes, the roadway; but, as regards completion, what about the ornamental gardens, the shrubberies, flower-beds, &c., &c., that were promised us? Yes; to be formed on the acres of reclaimed land obtained by the money of the metropolitan ratepayers, upon the understanding that the said land was to be devoted to the benefit of the said ratepayers and inhabitants generally of the metropolis and—"as far as possible be preserved for the enjoyment of my people." How, then, I ask particularly, about the two acres and a-quarter lying between Whitehall-place, and Little Scotland-yard, and the Embankment, reclaimed from the river by the money from the pockets of the ratepayers? The fact is, this piece of land happens to be just outside, and bordering upon what is *really* Crown property, in short, between it and the fore-shore of the river, from which it has been reclaimed, and from its situation and position, is necessarily very valuable, and most admirably adapted for building upon airy, commodious, and agreeable public offices—say, the Patent Steam Roller and Government Crusher Office, the Horticultural Pump and Government Water Cart Office; or, the Private Ministerial Salary Payment Office; or, in short, for any public office that may be in question. Anyhow, be it adapted for what it may, the Woods and Forests

department have, of course, had their eyes upon it, and now want to lay their hands upon it; and the Government, one and all, are determined to get possession of it. The Chancellor of the Exchequer informs us that the Embankment was made for purposes of Metropolitan improvement, and not in the least for the benefit of the Crown or Government; but that, as the Crown and Government are the real *bonâ fide* proprietors of the river, they—the Crown and Government, and nobody but the Crown and Government—ought to have the benefit of the £150,000 worth of land that has been fished from the river, and hauled out just like a fat young sturgeon; and being a dainty dish, and fit to set before a Commissioner of Woods and Forests only, should at once, and without question, consideration, or doubt, be handed over to the Crown. Then the Premier, who, it is said, has no appetite for a whitebait dinner this year—and no wonder, with so fine and fat a fish staring him in the face almost *ad nauseam*—gets up in his place in the House, on Friday last, and tells us, in the most off-hand though charmingly Conservative speech (bate its utter want of tact and delicacy), that the whole question about ratepayers and public is rubbish—nonsense altogether. A royal sturgeon having entangled itself in the Government nets, and worth, as his right honourable colleague, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, assures him, the really significant sum of £150,000, it is absolutely absurd to suppose any person can have, or persons claim, a right to such fish; and that, belonging as it does to the Crown, the Government alone have a right to superintend its "Cookery and Hashery." But how about the rate-payers? The ratepayers are part of the Metropolitan public; but neither ratepayers or public by any means represent the Crown, though of course the Crown represents the ratepayers and the public. In other words, what is good for the gander is not good, in this instance, for the geese. And so the Government on the part, and in the name of the Crown, seize the land; and ere long, you will see Ayrton and his architect will encumber it—as they will term it, embellish it, but in plainest English, abuse and disfigure it—with some hideous brick monstrosity, and erect a barn and Aldgate-pump style of edifice, which the public may behold with somewhat the same lively satisfaction as they do the Trafalgar-square cruet-stands—which, in justice, was not Ayrton's, or the Serpentine mess, which is——. No, really this last piece of humbug (for, indeed, 'tis nothing less—however much more) is beyond a joke; and the majority on the division, of fifty against ministers, must surely have convinced Messrs. Gladstone, Lowe, Ayrton, and Co., that little games that might have been tolerated in the reign of King Charles the Unfortunate, will not stand the trying-on A.D. 1870; and certainly not, when alone supported by such flimsy arguments as those attempted to be offered the other night by the Government in force. No, it is no use fighting about the bush. Call the real owners and proprietors of the land whatever names you like—Crown, Government, Woods and Forests, or Public—the public will have it, and the House of Commons will take care that they do so. Gardens, shrubberies, flowers, and places of delight and recreation will be formed along the Embankment (as originally promised), for public opinion this time has been pretty loudly and somewhat firmly expressed. So, Messieurs les Ministres, look to yourselves, and offer no further obstruction, nor try again to misuse the word "Crown" to a thoroughly loyal people; in other words, if you value your places—and in good sooth, as times go, they are not altogether bad ones—accept a line or two of advice in a slight paraphrase of the Poet:—

> "You, too, proceed—make falling arts your care;
> Erect new wonders, and the old repair.
> Ayrton and architect to their homes restore,
> And let 'em botch our public works no more.
> Pay more attention to the public mind,
> And carry out what Genius has designed.
> Bid harbours open, public ways extend;
> Bid temples worthier of the God ascend;
> Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,
> The mole projected break the roaring main;
> Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
> And let us have clean rivers through the land.
> Don't try to picket o'er-taxed ratepayers fardens
> Or chouse the nation of its Embankment Gardens."

The Man in the Stalls.

ECCE iterum Crispinis! Yes—don't be alarmed—Crispin has come "boc agen," because there was still work to do. Five thousand shrimps, upon a moderate computation, still disport themselves in the evening, at low water, which would ere now have been sacrificed to the voracious maw of the "Man in the Stalls," had he not discovered that there was still something dramatic to report. The syrens have sung, "Come unto these yellow sands;" mermaids have warbled, "Come, dwell with me" in "the deep, deep sea," and they have not moved me from my favourite haunts. Ain't you glad? It would be affectation in me to say that I am proud of my irresolution. If "the woman that deliberates is lost," what should be the fate of the man who hesitates? He deserves—well, another cheque for £10 will satisfy my notions of his deserts.

Buckstone's benefit came off on Saturday. I dropped in just to hear the annual speech. It was a disappointment. "Bucky" was less exultant than usual, and the salt of his humour had lost some of its savour. He spoke satisfactorily of the past, and cheerfully of the future; yet there appeared, amidst all his self-gratulations, an *arrière pensée*, that the season has partaken of the usual depression. He hinted that there were too many theatres in London, and he petitioned for public support in behalf of the little theatre in the Haymarket. People faintly laughed here and there, but there really was not a single humorous stroke throughout the address.

On Monday, Mrs. Scott-Siddons reappeared at the Haymarket for one week only. She is off to the Far West again next week. In America, rare talent like hers, coupled with personal attractions, is sure of its price. It is very sad that we have not taste enough to keep her in England, to remind us occasionally of Billy's heroines. Not that Mrs. Scott-Siddons realises my notions of Rosalind, nor of any other of the exquisite creations whom Mrs. Jamieson selected to illustrate her *Characteristics of Women*. But she comes nearer the mark than any woman I ever saw on the stage since the beautiful O'Neil—still the graceful, handsome, kind old Lady Weixon Becher, the delight of Cork and Mallow—played at Covent Garden, in 1816. The truth is, that all Shakespeare's women are ideal, though each one is true to nature, and students form their own conceptions, which nothing can eradicate. How many artists have tried their heads at "Illustrations of the Beauties," only to show how impossible it is to realise the ideas of other people! The moment you endeavour to give a local habitation to the "airy nothings," away flies the spirit, leaving only the outline of some mundane puppet in the flesh. And so with the stage representations of Shakespeare's characters. An actress may be Juliet, or Constance, or Beatrice; but she is not *my* Juliet, *my* Constance, nor *my* Beatrice. Neither is she yours, nor Smith's, nor Brown's; even Robinson repudiates the feeble attempt, and Jones rushes away in ineffable disgust. Jones is an idiot; he should take what he can get. *Quaud on n'a pas ce qu'on aime il faut aimer ce qu'on a*—or, as Tom Moore puts it:—

> "When we are far from the lips that we love,
> We have but to make love to the lips that are near."

What do you say to that, *Mister* Scott-Siddons, or whatever your name may happily be?

In Rosalind, Mrs. S. was to have appeared to-night for her benefit; but she has changed the bill, and gives us *King René's Daughter* and the *Honeymoon*. It is the only chance we shall have of seeing her. She has been playing Pauline in the well-worn *Lady of Lyons* all the week. No purpose can be answered by criticising an essay that is not to be repeated. The scratch company formed to support Mr. English's summer venture will not do much towards the adornment of the drama. Mr. Arnott, the new Claude Melnotte, ranks with the Pinningtons, Allertons, Nortons, and similar youth, who tried their strength—or their weakness—at the Haymarket or the Lyceum, and then rusticated themselves. Their appearance was a sort of midsummer madness.

Buckstone's remark, that there are too many theatres in London, has received confirmation in the almost simultaneous shutting-up of eight or ten, and the sickly existence of others. Astley's, the Surrey, the Charing Cross, the Royalty, Sadler's Wells, the Lyceum, the Globe, the Holborn, Her Majesty's, are all deserted—some for a few weeks, others until some man with the Denvil sovereigns to risk ventures to believe in his resuscitatory powers. I should like to see a theatre (Astley's, for instance) devoted to historical and romantic plays upon a grand scale—plays that do not entirely depend on dialogue, nor entirely upon scenery, but which present a combination of all the elements of attraction and dramatic enjoyment,—situations, language, spectacle, dance, and song. I see that Halliday is working up *Kenilworth* for Chatterton. There is scope for some few effects in that admirable novel. I think Tom Dibdin or Terry did something of the kind at the Surrey. There must be a good Varney—a superb Leicester—a majestic Queen—and an interesting, natural Amy Robsart. I hear that Mrs. Lee (Miss Neilson) is to be the Amy. She must work a little harder at the *ars celare artem*, in order to get up the proper amount of sympathy, or she will not have the approving word—now so much coveted by our artistes—of the "Man in the Stalls."

The St. James's Theatre closes for a time to-night. I believe that the season—the first of Mrs. John Wood's management—has been successful. *La Belle Sauvage* was an undoubted attraction. At first, things looked very gloomy. The refusal of free admissions gave the tawdry house a very dreary aspect, and the old comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer* was not sufficiently to the taste of the time to draw paying houses. *Frou Frou* was a great mistake, and *Paul Pry* not much better. The burlesque was, therefore, the only magnet. I hope the next season will yield pieces in which we shall see more of Mrs. Wood herself. She is a versatile actress, who wins all hearts by an engaging manner, associated with a pleasing exterior. I hope, also, that Hingston will continue her manager. He is almost upon a par with Clifton, of the Queen's—and that's saying a great deal.

Undine, at the Olympic, is a pretty sequel to the *Princess*, but I doubt if De la Motte Fouqué—could he hear the liberties which Mr. Gilbert has taken with his pretty poem—would feel himself under any heavier obligations than Alfred Tennyson. I cannot relish either piece, though, to do Mrs. Liston justice, she has done everything in her power to render *Undine* attractive. One or two of the effects are charming. A poem should be given in its original purity if it is not intended for a burlesque: if a departure from the realms of fancy is intended, merely that the whole thing may be turned into ridicule, then we should have extravaganza in the broadest sense. Now, *Undine* is neither one thing nor the other; we have too little fun, and too much poetry—or too little of the original verse, and too much buffoon. Audiences pay their money and take their choice. *I* never pay, except an honest criticism—otherwise I should go for a larger amount of drollery, seeing that we have had *Undine usque ad*.—Do you remember Cerito, in the ballet of *Ondine*, in the days when *batteries de pied* and *rondes des jambes* were everthing, and opera nothing? It was delicious. There was a good joke current at the time. It was when Lumley, the Shah Bahadoor, wielded the lyric sceptre, with Sir Michael for his first lieutenant. *Ondine* was the hand-writing on the walls at Her Majesty's, to the exclusion of all other placards. A Frenchman saw it. "Ha, ha!" exclaimed Mossoo; "*Voici un bel restaurant, on dine ici!*" He walked to the box-office, and asked Charles Nugent for "*la carte.*" The flabbergasted box-keeper referred him to Mounseer Lumley. "*L'omelette!*" cried Mossoo; "*Non, non, il faut avoir quelque chose de plus. Il me faut absolument un diner bien recherché! Allons, la carte!*" The story goes, that Nugent told him that they kept no carts at that magnificent establishment, but there was a cab-stand opposite. I believe the whole thing was what they call in India a *bunnow*. But it served as well as the mild jokes of *Punch* to raise a laugh.

Adoo! for the present.

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

THE cloud of meetings just brought to an end present so little scope for profitable review, that I shall not waste the time of my readers in casting up fragments of the *Calendar* before them, like a hawk, but proceed at once to see if the future is likely to afford any larger opening than the past. Being the week before Goodwood, the period immediately before us will not be overcrowded with the small gatherings which have made the last six days hideous. Huntingdon and Kingsbury will be the only pair of syrens which will endeavour to attract the racing man, and from that reason, as well as their own intrinsic merit, their mission is pretty certain to be fulfilled.

The former, one of the quietest and pleasantest among the small festivals of the Turf, will take place on Tuesday and Wednesday; during which fourteen races will be decided.

The Huntingdonshire Stakes, the first closed event which meets the eye, is a lamentable specimen of discontent; only seven out of the thirty-five entered having elected to remain in. Of this septett, Moccolo, 7st 2lb, is, I think, the best at the weights; and if he should run, he will be worth standing.

The Hinchinbrook Stakes, for two-yr-olds, presents metal more attractive; the thirty-four entries being quite capable of getting up a pretty contest between themselves. The best of the lot will possibly turn out to be Hopbine and the representative of Fyfield, which may be Mowbray; and as the Huntingdon T.Y.C. is only half a mile, the former, who is very quick for that distance, is, perhaps, the most deserving of support.

The small handicaps which fill up the interstices of the card, may be decided as follows:—The Member's Plate, Stork; the Peel Plate, Adelaide; and the Two-year-old Handicap, Norma.

On the second day, the Ramsay Abbey Nursery Handicap first stops the way, and here La Giroflée, after her recent performance, is bound to be dangerous. Unless Count Batthyany should come to the rescue, I do not see what is to beat Mr. T. V. Morgan's filly, to whom I shall give my undivided allegiance.

The Milton Stakes seems like being confined within much narrower limits than its predecessor, the Hinchinbrook; as Croxteth is among the entries. Bayminster can have no chance with General Peel's colt; and as it will take an uncommonly good dark one to show better form, I shall go no further.

In the Cup Stakes, the two K's, King o' Scots and Kennington, will have it all their own way; and I shall oppose myself to the talent by giving my vote in favour of Kennington, who is *honest*, which his Majesty is not.

Kingsbury will be best dealt with on the day—or days.

Forecast.

LATEST BETTING.

6 to 1 against Capitaliste (offered; 7 to 1 taken).
7 — 1 — John Davis (offered; 8 to 1 taken).
10 — 1 — Prince Henry (offered).
12 — 1 — Indian Ocean (taken freely).
12 — 1 — Sweet Sound (offered).
100 — 8 — Rattlepate (offered).
100 — 6 — Miss Sheppard (offered).
100 — 6 — Nightjar (offered; take 20 to 1).
20 — 1 — Paganini (offered).
1000 —40 — Moccolo (taken).
1000 —40 — Acaster (taken).
100 — 3 — The Laird (taken).
100 — 3 — Revenge (taken and offered).
1000 —30 — Sulphur (offered; 250 to 5 taken).
100 — 3 — Chivalry (offered).
40 — 1 — Newsman (offered).
1000 —20 — Bertha and Ionio coupled (offered).

Goodwood Cup.

70 to 40 agst Sabinus (offered)
4 — 1 — Musket (offered)
7 — 1 — Morna (taken and offered)
5 — 2 — Sir J. Hawley's lot (offered; take 3 to 1).

St. Leger.

9 — 1 — Sunshine (offered; take 10 to 1).
10 — 1 — Palmerston (taken)

THE MIDDLE PARK YEARLINGS.

On Saturday Mr. Blenkiron held his second sale at Eltham; and although the results showed a great falling off from his auction of the 18th of last month, when the sale of 49 lots realised 16,405 guineas, or an average of 334 guineas each, the prices fetched were sufficient, at all events, to remunerate the energetic breeder for the care and expense he had evidently brought to bear upon his supplementary lot.

As usual, Mr. Edmund Tattersall prefaced the actual business of the day with a speech, in which he called attention to the fact of several of the youngsters about to be offered for sale being late foals, which would account for their being somewhat small and backward in appearance. He further remarked that all doubts and fears as to the prosperity of the Turf had been scattered to the winds by recent events, and alluded somewhat severely to certain sporting writers on the subject. Thoroughbreds, he maintained, would always fetch their value—a fact that was proved by the anxiety evinced both by Continental and American dealers to purchase English stock. After paying a handsome tribute to the liberality and energy of Mr. Blenkiron, Mr. Tattersall called up the first lot:—

	Gs.
Bay colt, by Dollar—Amazon, by Voltigeur ..... Mr. Buckenham	25
Bay filly, by Saunterer—Bianca, by Touchstone, foaled March 17 ..... Mr. Lewis	40
Bay colt, by Lord Clifden—Topsy, by Kingston, foaled March 2 ..... Mr. T. Bell	65
Bay filly, by Blair Athol—East Sheen, by Kingston, foaled March 19 ..... Mr. B. Ellam	65
Bay filly, by Blair Athol—Rambling Kate, by Birdcatcher, foaled April 1 ..... Mr. Everett	65
Black colt, by Dundee—Barricade, by Kingston, foaled May 20 ..... Mr. Clay	45
Bay colt, by Dundee—Eda, by Birdcatcher, foaled May 11 ..... Mr. A. Briggs	50
Chestnut filly, by High Treason—Boadicea, by Marsyas, foaled April 24 ..... Mr. Christopher	55
Chestnut filly, by High Treason—Freestone, by Touchstone, foaled Jan. 22 ..... Mr. Christopher	55
Chestnut filly, by High Treason—Goldfinch, by West Australian, foaled April 17 ..... Dr. Shorthouse	45
Brown filly, by Weatherbit—Augusta, by Birdcatcher, foaled April 26 ..... Mr. Reeves	70
Bay filly, by Dundee—Perfection, by Birdcatcher, foaled March 31 ..... Mr. Reeves	40
Brown colt, by Dundee—Madame Stodare, by Sleight-of-hand, foaled Feb. 18 ..... Mr. Waugh	55
Brown colt, by Saunterer—Moula, by Touchstone, foaled April 26 ..... Mr. Crawfurd	300
Bay colt, by Caractacus—Furbelow, by Cotherstone, foaled April 15 ..... Mr. J. Day	360
Chestnut colt, by High Treason—Spes, by Stockwell, foaled April 24 ..... Mr. T. Bell	65
Bay colt, by Wingrave—Lady Bird, by Newminster, foaled May 16 ..... Mr. A. Briggs	230
Chestnut filly, by King John—Marseillaise, by Bay Middleton, foaled April 11 ..... Mr. John Dawson	250
Chestnut filly, by King John—Queen's Head, by Bay Middleton, foaled March 15 ..... Mr. J. Woolcott	100
Chestnut colt, by Marsyas—Butterfly, by Knight of the Whistle, foaled April 17 ..... Mr. J. Merry	350
Chestnut colt, by Dundee—Habena, by Birdcatcher, foaled March 6 ..... Mr. Walker	370
Chestnut colt, by Dundee—Shot (Bro. to Marksman), by Birdcatcher, foaled March 20 ... Mr. T. V. Morgan	280
Chestnut colt, by High Treason—Guinee, by The Flying Dutchman, foaled March 16 ..... Mr. Jefferson	125
Bay filly, by Saunterer—Gratitude, by Newminster, foaled May 16 ..... Mr. Christopher	100
Black filly, by Saunterer—Bangle, by Surplice, foaled April 25 ..... Mr. J. Day	320
Brown filly, by Saunterer—Alma, by Flatcatcher, foaled May 27 ..... Mr. T. Brown	270
Chestnut filly, by Stockwell—Silkstone, by Touchstone, foaled May 16 ..... Mr. Lee	90
Chestnut colt, by Marsyas—Maid of Palmyra, by Pyrrhus the First (Bro. to Viridis), foaled March 30 ..... Capt. Machell	320
Chestnut colt, by Marsyas—Gossamer, by Birdcatcher, foaled March 13 ..... Mr. Graham	700
Chestnut colt, by Marsyas—Queen Anne, by King Tom, foaled May 22 ..... Mr. Sherwood	170
Bay colt, by Amsterdam—Chalybeate, by Leamington, foaled May 4 ..... Sir T. Lenard	30
Bay filly, by Dundee—Queen of the East, by Birdcatcher, foaled Jan. 16 ..... Mr. J. Day	70
Bay filly, by Ely—Tested, by Touchstone, foaled May 14 ..... Mr. A. Briggs	25
Brown filly, by Saunterer—Pandora, by Cotherstone, foaled May 12 ..... Mr. Clay	60
Bay filly, by Blue Mantle—Jessie, by Dundee, foaled April 16 ..... Mr. Clay	35
Bay filly, by Amsterdam—Christina, by Wild Dayrell, foaled April 9 ..... Mr. Briggs	20
Chestnut filly, by King John—Lily Lye, by Sweetmeat, foaled April 8 ..... Mr. Briggs	25
Total	5,310
Average	143

Sir Lydston Newman's sale of stallions, brood mares, foals, and yearlings is fixed for Saturday, September 24.

The steeple-chase horse, Hungerford, has been disposed of for 400 guineas, and goes to France.

THE JOCKEY CLUB.

A general meeting of the Jockey Club will be held at Messrs. Weatherby's office, 6, Old Burlington Street, London, this day, at one o'clock *precisely*, to take into consideration the Report of the Committee appointed on Wednesday, May the 4th.

NOTICES OF AMENDMENTS TO BE MOVED.

Sir Joseph Hawley—To add to No. 3 of the Resolutions of the Committee, the words "and no plate, prize, or public money shall be given for any race to which two-year olds are admitted."

That in Resolution No. 8, the 1st of July be fixed as the earliest day at which two-year-olds may run.

After the Resolution on the subject of the publication of handicaps has been disposed of, Sir Joseph Hawley will move:—That no plate, prize, or public money shall be given for a handicap.

By the Duke of St. Albans:—To disagree with Resolution No. 10. To add to Resolution No. 7, line 2, after the words *own name*, the words *or his trainer's*.

By Mr. Chaplin:—If Sir J. Hawley's first amendment is not carried, Mr. Chaplin will move to add after the 9th Resolution (having regard to the views expressed in clause 5, of the Report of the Committee) that:—"No encouragement shall be given to the frequent running of horses when two years old, by the addition of any plate, prize, or public money, to any race to which they are admitted, before the 1st of October."

By the Duke of Richmond, seconded by Mr. Chaplin:—To add to the rules and orders of the Jockey Club:—"That an Annual General Meeting of the Jockey Club shall be held in London during the months of May or June, at such time as shall appear to the Stewards to be most convenient to the general body of members."

This meeting having been called specially to take into consideration the Report of the Committee appointed May 4th, on certain matters submitted to them, from which the subject of betting was expressly excluded, the Stewards of the Jockey Club will move that the meeting decline to allow Sir Joseph Hawley to bring forward the Resolution of which he has given notice relative to p.p. betting.

RACING FIXTURES.

JULY.

Huntingdon	19	Goodwood	26
Kingsbury	21		

AUGUST.

Brighton	2	Lichfield	16
Tiverton	3	Stockton	17
Brighton Club	4	Oxford	18
Lewes	5	York	23
Leek	8	St. Albans	23
Egham	9	Plymouth	25
Wolverhampton	9	Scarborough	29
Windsor	11	Rainham	29
Paisley	11	Derby Summer	30
Radcliffe	12	Weymouth	30
Bromley	16	Liverpool	31

SEPTEMBER.

Warwick	6	Western Meeting (Ayr)	21
Abingdon	8	Hendon	22
Doncaster	13	Monmouth	22
Hampton Autumn	20	Newmarket 1st Oct.	27
Richmond	20	Lanark	29

OCTOBER.

Curragh	1	Perth	12
Bedford	4	Kelso	18
Edinburgh	5	Cheltenham Autumn	18
Leicester	6	Curragh	18
Bromley	6	Newmarket Houghton	24
Newmarket 2nd Oct.	10		

PRINCIPAL TURF FIXTURES FOR 1870.

Goodwood Stakes (2½ miles) ..... Wed., July 27.
Goodwood Cup (2½ miles) ..... Thurs., July 28.
Brighton Stakes (1¾ miles) ..... Tues., August 2.
Brighton Cup (2 miles) ..... Wed., August 3.
Lewes Grand Handicap (2 miles) ..... Sat., August 6.
Great Ebor Handicap (2 miles) ..... Wed., August 24.
Great Yorkshire Stakes (1¾ miles) ..... Thurs., August 25.
Doncaster St. Leger (1 mile 6 fur. 132 yds.) Wed., Sept. 14.
Great Eastern Handicap (5 fur. 140 yds.)... Tues., Sept. 27.
October Handicap (1 mile 2 fur. 73 yds.) ... Friday, Sept. 30.
Cesarewich Stakes (2 miles 2 fur. 28 yds.)... Tues., Oct. 11.
Middle Park Plate (6 furlongs) ..... Wed., Oct. 12.
Roxburghe Handicap (1½ miles) ..... Tues., Oct. 18.
Cambridgeshire Stakes (1 mile 240 yds.) ... Tuesday, Oct. 25.

The entries of Yearling colts and fillies to run as three-year olds in the Derby, Oaks, and Leger in 1872 have just closed with 191 nominations for the Derby, 175 for the Oaks, and 196 for the St. Leger. Last year there was a considerable falling off in the numbers entered, and this year there is a further decrease, especially for the Derby, for which the nominations for the three previous years have been 275, 266, and 217 respectively. The numbers are generally diminished by nearly a dozen prior to the race, owing to the death of nominators.

Aquatics.

SCULLERS' RACE.—SADLER *v.* KELLEY.

THE scullers' race between Henry Kelley and Joseph Sadler, for 200*l.* aside, came off on Thursday over the usual course from Putney to Mortlake, and was won by Sadler by three clear lengths. Although the match did not attract the same amount of attention nor excite so much general interest as the great races for the championship between Thames and Tyne, the event was one of no small importance among rowing men. Strong rivalry has long existed between these two scullers—Kelley relying on his established reputation and well-known skill; Sadler trusting to youth and strength, urged on by the spur of ambition. The respective partisans were scarcely less anxious than the men themselves to have the question settled. Kelley and Sadler have met at regattas and in matches several times, and have not always brought their little differences of opinion as to each other's prowess to a satisfactory issue. The present match might be taken as fairly decisive on the point. Kelley is forty years of age; Sadler twenty-seven. The former has been known for many years as the most skilful, most stylish, and ablest sculler of the Thames, and many a time and oft have the columns of the sporting and general press recorded his brilliant achievements. Now, towards the close of a career of severe training and hard rowing—work that would have broken up many a less hardy and less prudent man—Kelley felt that he could not conscientiously retire without having another shy at Sadler, who fairly takes first rank as a rowing man. Sadler seems to have been no less eager to prove that he can scull fast and stay as well, all that has been said to the contrary notwithstanding. He has often proved very rapid for a mile and a-half, and has as frequently failed to go further; but he has been matched against the best men of the day, to be narrowly beaten by whom is scarcely less of an honour than a minor victory. Such, however, was the public confidence in the older and more tried favourite, that 5 and ultimately 6 to 4 was betted on him.

The race was fixed to start at a quarter-past three in the afternoon. Up to that time the attendance of spectators on the river, banks, and bridges, though counting by thousands, was not nearly so vast as at the championship races. Half-a-dozen steamboats, tolerably well laden, clustered round the jetty; a few score pleasure-boats flitted on the bright, broad surface of the Thames; a long, thin line of people stood on the towpath. The public-houses and boat-house sported their half-dress flags, music lent such charms as may belong to an admixture of harp, cornet, bones, and violin. A blazing hot sun, unrelieved by a breath of wind, gave quite a glare to land and water, and rendered the boards of the steamers less desirable places to stand on than the cool, if muddy and marshy, margin of the river. Among the fleet lying off Putney was steamer Citizen N, engaged by Lord Londesborough for the accommodation of his lordship's own party. The Prince of Wales was expected, but was not present.

About the time fixed for the race, a faint shout from the people near the new London club-house proclaimed that the scullers, one or both, were in their boats. Sadler, rowing in a skiff built by Jewitt, pulled strongly out into mid-river, and came, with a long sweeping stroke that boded no good to his antagonist, down to the umpire's boat, then lying at the station in front of the aqueduct. Kelley, who had a skiff by J. H. Clasper, stole quietly along the Surrey bank, and was scarcely observed until he, attended by George Drewett in a cutter, appeared alongside John Phelps, who occupied one of the starting-boats. These were attached to barges moored on the Middlesex side of the channel; and it was specified, with a wholesome respect for the experience of the bad old times, that Mr. Ireland, the umpire, should have full power over the race from start to finish. It would have been well if the "Newmarket Rules," which have worked so well under the Thames Conservancy at recent matches, had been put in force here for the regulation of passenger steamers; but in that particular the race was outside the pale, and was a return to the old-fashioned confusion. There were, therefore, the usual complaints as to misbehaviour of steamers, and, as a Scotch paper once put it, "dastardly conduct of steam-tugs."

Sadler won the toss for station, and, esquired by his brother William at the head of a cutter, placed himself facing John Phelps, whose duty it was to hold the skiff until the word was given to start. Kelley having taken the southernmost place, they were ready to go. Sadler looked thin, wiry, and vigorous, and had no superfluous flesh about him—quite the reverse. He was within a mere trifle of the condition suggested by Sydney Smith as the most comfortable for hot weather, and was just what a man should be who has to pull a four-mile race on a sultry day. Kelley, though in any case a more compactly-built and firmly-knit man, and withal thirteen years older, seemed to be a little too blooming and sleek, and showed more anxiety than the younger man. 6 to 4 on Kelley was, however, freely offered, as well from the investment of public money as in the belief that he would be able to hold out, and tire the other down. Scarcely had Mr. Ireland given the word to start, than Sadler darted off with remarkable rapidity, and shot right to the front. Kelley, who was less handy, followed up, and when they had got a hundred yards away the two boats had drawn so close together that it was just possible a foul might occur. That danger was soon over, for Sadler, sculling in excellent form, speedily showed himself far enough ahead to be able to command the race. For a quarter of a mile Kelley was within half a length of his opponent. In the next quarter Sadler had increased his lead to three-quarters of a length, and when they had fairly reached the Craven Point he was fully a length and a-half to the front, and was steering in-shore out of Kelley's way. Changing his course for the journey to the Soap Works on the opposite side, he arrived at first right across the river, and across Kelley's line, though far enough ahead to be out of danger, and so let Kelley in a little through his better steering in the Middlesex waters. Once fairly on the route, Sadler, without putting on any extraordinary power, drew away from Kelley until he had placed three or four lengths between them, Kelley following in a dogged fashion that lacked the briskness of his more palmy days. The betting had now changed to slight odds on Sadler, offered without acceptance. Safe past the Soap Works, with still a couple of lengths in hand—Kelley having crept up a little—Sadler went under the bridge nine minutes after the start, and again drew ahead from the ex-champion. In the same way the race continued past Chiswick, and in the long, broad reach between that and Barnes Bridge. It was clear enough that, unless the steamers interfered, as they threatened, or the zeal of some of the backers outran their discretion—which was also imminent—the race was over. A stupid sculler ran in alongside Sadler on his way to Barnes, and caused less confusion than he might have done; but, being rather strongly chaffed, and within an ace of being knocked out of his boat, he will probably not repeat the act. Sadler went under Barnes bridge in 20 mins. 19 secs., and finished in 24 mins. 9 secs. The tide was slow and sluggish. Sadler was heartily congratulated on his well-earned victory. Kelley was cheered for the persevering manner in which he had rowed the race, many believing, no doubt, that Old Time as well as Young Sadler had rowed against him.

On Tuesday last an encounter, of a happily unusual nature, broke the decorous progress of the afternoon in Hyde Park. The cause may be briefly stated; the facts will speak for themselves. Two retired majors in the Indian Army met at the same social gathering some time ago, and one of them let some champagne fall on a lady's dress. The other asserted that the act was wilfully done, and subsequently forwarded a challenge to the offender. Having probably the fear of the law before his eyes, and believing firmly in his own innocence of the crime imputed, the gallant officer to whom the challenge was sent judiciously refused to accept it. The cheering information was then conveyed to him on the part of the lady's champion, that he would be caned on the first opportunity which presented itself. Yesterday, it appears the gentlemen concerned met in the park. One was armed with a stout stick, and the other with a similar weapon, made still more efficacious for its particular purpose by the insertion of a very perceptible quantity of lead. The fight continued until both the combatants were completely exhausted, when, with their usual alacrity, the police arrived. The battle was over, and the duty of the active and intelligent officers resolved itself into the peaceful and charitable act of separating the combatants. The matter has since been taken into the Marlborough Police Court, and will form the subject of a pretty little trial later on.

Mr. Walker, Murrayfield, Edinburgh, has sued in the Court of Session for a divorce from his wife, on the ground that she had committed adultery. Her husband found that she had been carrying on a correspondence in the "agony column" of a Scotch newspaper. One to Mrs. Walker contained the words, "I sigh for you as an exile sighs for his native sun. Come to me, that I may feel your fond caresses, and listen to the soft murmurs of your sweet voice." On Tuesday, February 1st, the following appeared:—"Been in bed since last we met. Hope D. P. to feel strong soon. So don't fret, darling. Write. Sent away for health without my darling would be death." It was in Mrs. Walker's handwriting. Mr. Roy, a solicitor, who was consulted by Mr. Walker, received the manuscripts of the advertisements, and some letters which are supposed to have been written to Mrs. Walker by Mr. Grant, the novelist. He and all the parties in the case went to Crieff after the discovery, where the letters were shown to Mrs. Walker. He put them into his pocket, and next morning found they had been taken from his coat while he was asleep. Mr. Marshall, an advocate, said that Mrs. Walker denied any intimacy whatever with Mr. Grant, and also denied having had any correspondence with him. There were four letters handed to her. She denied that some of them were from Grant. She was then shown one signed by Mr. Grant, and she confessed that the whole of the letters were from him. After some further evidence the case was adjourned.

Fun of the Day.

(From *Punch*.)

THE EDUCATION PROBLEM.

Master Forster.—"Please, m'm, I've done it, m'm!"

Schoolmistress (Britannia).—"And *how* have you done it, William?"

Master Forster.—"Please, m'm, I've reduced all the fractions to the lowest common denomination."

Schoolmistress.—"Good boy! *Go up!*"

[The Good Boy enters the Cabinet.

MORE REVENGE FOR FLODDEN.

(Scene—A Scotch Hotel.)

Tourist (indignant at his bill).—"Why, landlord, there must be some mistake there!"

Landlord.—"Mistake? Aye, aye. That stupid fellow, the waiter, has just charged you 5*s.*—too little."

DESSERT FOR CONVOCATION.—"First Fruits."

(From *Fun*.)

THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS QUESTION.—Miss Anna Dickenson, the great American talker, said to her audience the other day, "Why was I born?" We guess the audience had a right to respond with the Hibernian answer, "Why are we bored?" Anyhow, it was rude of her to put such a question to the people who had borne her so long.

THE BARE IDEA.—We have been suffering very much from the heat lately; but, at the same time, in the interests of decency, we protest against the coolness of a certain tradesman, who advertises daily that he "has left off clothes of every description."

WHAT THE SEA-BOARD MUST BE MADE OF.—Beech.

(From *Judy*.)

HOW IT HAD HIM.

Beggar Woman (with emphasis).—It's the Bible truth I'm telling you, sir!—it is, indeed—as sure as you're a gentleman!

[And right off he gave her sixpence. A lord could hardly have done more.]

Visitors to the seaside will be glad to learn that there are several fashionable watering-places where they can have a ha'penny *dip*.

You can't marry a miss if you marry a widow.

With regard to theatrical managers, it has been said that a man is always known by the "company" that he keeps.

Judy saw a man, the other day, with something dreadful on his arm. He will probably never get rid of it while he lives, poor fellow! for it was his wife.

(From *Punch and Judy*.)

AYRTON WOULD LIKE *Him*.—A fat gentleman, a few days ago, *ran down* Regent street in a most extraordinary manner, and then *puffed up* Leicester-square.

COMING OF AGE.—Ordinary Englishmen come of age at twenty-one. Members of the Royal family do so at eighteen. Officers in the army, however, do not obtain their "Majority" till much later in life.

SHE OUGHT TO BE SOUSED.—A girl who has just been engaged to proceed to Ramsgate, by one of the bathing establishments there, for the purpose of bathing timid ladies and children, says that she's going *as souse-maid*.

A VERY "SELECT PREACHER."—Conscience.

MEDICAL.—A physician, who is a *vegetarian*, lives, of course, entirely upon *pulse!*

(From *Will o'-the-Wisp*.)

PLEASANT INTELLIGENCE.

Enraged Cabby.—Vot, only a bob for two mile? Vhy, I took two parties to the Fever Hospital this morning, not near so big as you; and ill as they vos, I got one and a tanner out on 'em.

"ACCORDING TO COCKER."—If forty perches make one rood, how many are required to make one polite?

The Man About Town.

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Advertisements.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Final Arrangements of the Season. Last Six Nights. THIS EVENING (Saturday), July 16, will be performed (last time this season), Rossini's Opera, IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA. Rosina, Madame Adelina Patti; Bertha, Mdlle. Bauermeister; Figaro, Signor Cotogni; Bartolo, Signor Ciampi; Basilio, Signor Tagliafico; Fiorello, Signor Fallar; Sargente, Signor Rossi; and Almaviva, Signor Mario. Conductor, Signor Vianesi.

Extra Night.—Benefit of Mdlle. Titiens.—On Monday Next, July 18, for the Benefit of Mdlle. Titiens, Donizetti's Opera, LUCREZIA BORGIA. Gennaro, Signor Naudin; Il Duca, Signor Graziani; Maffio Orsini, Mdlle. Scalchi; Giubetta, Signor Tagliafico; Gazella, Signor Capponi; Astolfo, Signor Caravoglia; Rustighello, Signor Marino; Petrucci, Signor Casaboni; and Lucrezia Borgia, Mdlle. Titiens. After which, the Last Act of Ambroise Thomas's Opera, HAMLET, including the ballet and the celebrated mad scene. Ophelia, Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi. Conductor, Signor Bevignani.

The Incidental Ballet will be supported by Mdlle. Blanche Ricois and M. Desplaces.

On Tuesday Next, July 19 (for the first time these four years), Meyerbeer's Grand Opera, L'ETOILE DU NORD. Catarina, Madame Adelina Patti; Echimona, Mdlle. Olma; Natalia, Mdlle. Bauermeister; Prascovia, Mdlle. Madigan; Pietro, Signor Cotogni; Gritzenko, Signor Ciampi; Rainoldo, Signor Capponi; Giorgio, Signor Marino; Tch-remetieff, Signor Caravoglia; Yermoloff, Signor Tagliafico; Ismailoff, M. Morgan; and Danilowitz, Signor Naudin.

On this occasion the Opera will commence at eight o'clock instead of half-past eight, as on other evenings.

Extra Night.—Benefit of Madame Adelina Patti.—On Thursday Next, July 21, for the Benefit of Madame Adelina Patti, Gounod's Opera, FAUST E MARGHERITA. Margherita, Madame Adelina Patti (her first appearance in that character these three years); Siebel, Mdlle. Scalchi; Marta, Mdlle. Anese; Valentino, Signor Graziani; Mefistofele, M. Petit; Wagner, Signor Tagliafico; and Faust, Signor Mario.

Extra Night.—Benefit of Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi.—On Friday Next, July 22, for the Benefit of Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi, the First Act of Bellini's Opera, NORMA. Pollio, Signor Naudin; Oroveso, Signor Bagagiolo; Adalgisa, Mdlle. Olma; and Norma, Mdlle. Titiens (her last appearance this season). After which (first time this season), Verdi's Opera, RIGOLETTO. Gilda, Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi (her first appearance in that character in England, and last appearance this season).

Last Night of the Season.—On Saturday Next, July 23, L'ETOILE DU NORD. Catarina, Madame Adelina Patti.

The Opera commences at half-past Eight.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.—Prospective Arrangements.—The Season will terminate on Saturday, Evening, July 30.—Last appearance but five of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, previous to her departure for America.—THIS EVENING (Saturday), July 16, LA SONNAMBULA. Elvino, Signor Mongini; Il Conte Rodolfo, Signor Foli; Alessio, Signor Zoboli; Un Notaro, Signor Archinti; Teresa, Madame Corsi; Lisa, Mdlle. Vinta; and Amina, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska. Conductor, Signor Arditi.

Monday, July 18, Rossini's Opera, OTELLO. Otello, Signor Mongini; Roderigo, Signor Gardoni; Iago, M. Faure; Elmiro, Signor Foli; Emilia, Mdlle. Cari; and Desdemona, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

Tuesday, July 19, IL TROVATORE. Manrico, Signor Mongini; Il Conte di Luna, Mr. Santley; Ferrando, Signor Ragueг; Ruiz, Signor Archinti; Un Zingaro, Signor Trevero; Ines, Madame Corsi; Azucena, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Leonora, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska.

Wednesday, July 20, a Morning Performance, when will be given Gounod's Opera, FAUST. Faust, Signor Perotti (his first appearance); Mephistopheles, M. Faure; Valentino, Mr. Santley; Siebel, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Marguerite, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

Thursday, July 21, Meyerbeer's Opera, ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO. Roberto, Signor Mongini; Raimbaldo, Signor Rinaldini; Bertramo, Signor Foli; Alberti, Signor Raguer; Cavalieri, Signor Archinti, Signor Castelli, Signor Zoboli, Signor Trevero; Elena, Mdlle. Fay; Isabella, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska; and Alice, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

Saturday, July 23, will be produced (first time in England) Wagner's Opera, L'OLANDESE DANNATO (Der Fliegend Hollander), L'Olandese, Mr. Santley; Erik, Signor Perotti; Daland, Signor Foli; Il Timoniere, Signor Rinaldini; Maria, Madame Corsi; and Senta, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska.

Acting Manager, Mr. Jarrett.

Doors open at eight o'clock; the opera will commence at half-past. The Box-office of the theatre is open daily from ten to five. Stalls, one guinea; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI. Every Evening, Charles Reade's famous drama, PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE. Triumph of reality. The real forge, illuminating with its fire the deserted church of Cairnhope. Mr. H. Neville, Mrs. Leigh Murray, Miss M. Young, Miss R. Erskine. At 9.45, THE ROBUST INVALID. Mr. Vining, Messrs. Sinclair, Kyrle, Pearce, Worboys; Misses Florence Terry, Constance Georgi, P. Glover, and Mrs. Seymour.

GAIETY THEATRE, Strand —Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.

GAIETY.—PERFECT VENTILATION.

GAIETY.—Open 6.30; begin 7; close 11.—7.0, Operetta, ROSE OF AUVERGNE. Miss Constance Loseby, Mr. Perrini, Mr. Bracy.

GAIETY.—7.45, COURIER OF LYONS.

GAIETY.—Drama, by CHARLES READE, in three acts. This play was one of the most popular in the repertory of the late Charles Kean, and is revived with the kind permission of Mrs. Charles Kean.

GAIETY.—Mr. HERMANN VEZIN as Dubosc and Lesurques.

GAIETY,—10, LINDA OF CHAMOUNI.—Operatic Extravaganza by Alfred Thompson.

GAIETY.—Miss E. FARREN, Miss Loseby, Miss Tremaine, Mr. Perrini. Full Company, Ballet, and Chorus.

GAIETY.—Prices 6d. to 2 guineas. No fees.—Box-office open ten to five.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE. — TO-NIGHT, LAST NIGHT of the SEASON.—Programme: At 7.30, A HAPPY PAIR. Miss Herbert's last appearance this season. At 8.30, PAUL PRY. Mrs. John Wood's last appearance this season. Miss Bessie Lovell's last appearance this season. Mr. A. W. Young's last appearance this season. Mr. Lionel Brough's last appearance this season. To conclude with LA BELLE SAUVAGE, for the last time this season. After the comedy, Mrs. JOHN WOOD will deliver her First Annual Address.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, the COOLEST in LONDON.—Average temperature, 68 Fahrenheit. Box-office, 11 to 6.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—On MONDAY NEXT, First Night of the Summer Season. Special Engagement of Mr. J. Clarke, who will appear for the first time as PAUL PRY, and will repeat his celebrated performance of GAITERS in the BONNIE FISH-WIFE. Places may now be booked.

QUEEN'S.—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—149th time.—Received each evening with overwhelming approbation by crowded audiences.—Stalls, 7s.; balcony, 5s.; box stalls (bonnets allowed), 2s. 6d.; pit, 1s. 6d.; amphitheatre, 1s.; gallery, 6d.

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MRS. ROUSBY'S BENEFIT, FRIDAY, July 22.—Mr. and Mrs. ROUSBY will appear in Two Pieces.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—LITTLE EM'LY.—Revival (by general desire) of the great Olympic Drama, LITTLE EM'LY, adapted by Andrew Halliday from "David Copperfield," the favourite work of the late Charles Dickens, produced under the sole direction of Mrs. W. H. Liston.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—LITTLE EM'LY.—The Ark on the Sands, and Canterbury Cathedral. Peggotty, Mr. George Belmore.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—LITTLE EM'LY at 8.0.—The Wreck, the Ship Struck by Lightning, the Emigrant's Farewell. Mr. Micawber, Mr. David Fisher.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—UNDINE, THIS EVENING (Saturday) July 16, at half-past nine. Startling effects, gorgeous dresses, beautiful music; new songs by R. Reece, F. W. Taylor, Winterbottom, and G. W. Martin.

UNDINE.—The much admired story of Fouqué has been adapted to the stage by R. Reece, and will be produced THIS EVENING (Saturday), July 9, with grand spectacular effects by Messrs. J. Johnson, Geo. Gordon, F. Perkins, &c., under the immediate superintendence of Mrs. W. H. Liston.—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—THIS EVENING will be produced the celebrated comedy of THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. Characters supported by the following powerful cast: Messrs. E. Terry, H. Wall (his first appearance), H. Crouch, C. Fenton, W. Joyce, Wallace, Herbert, Burnett, Chamberlain, and David James. Mesdames Ada Swanborough, E. Bufton, F. Hughes, and E. Fowler (her first appearance at this theatre). The doors will be open at half-past six, comedy commence at seven. Secure your seats at the Box-office, or at the Libraries.

MISS ELISE HOLT, having returned from her immensely successful tour in America, will appear as the EARL DARNLEY in the great burlesque, THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.—ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

SHOO-FLY.—Roars of laughter at this new American Song.—See THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD. New songs and new music.—ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

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"War Office, 30th May, 1870.

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"The Secretary,

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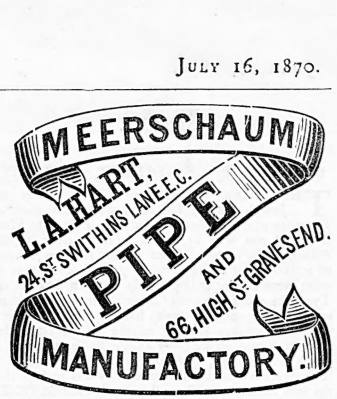

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Printed by AUGUSTUS WINTER, at 3, 4 & 5, Suffolk-lane, Cannon-street, in the Parish of Allhallows the Great, in the City of London; and published for the Proprietors at 19, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, in the Parish of St. Paul, in the City of Westmins er.—JULY 16, 1870.